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T H E A N E C H O

Prepared by

THE STUDENTS OF THE PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL, VICTORIA,

May, 1943.

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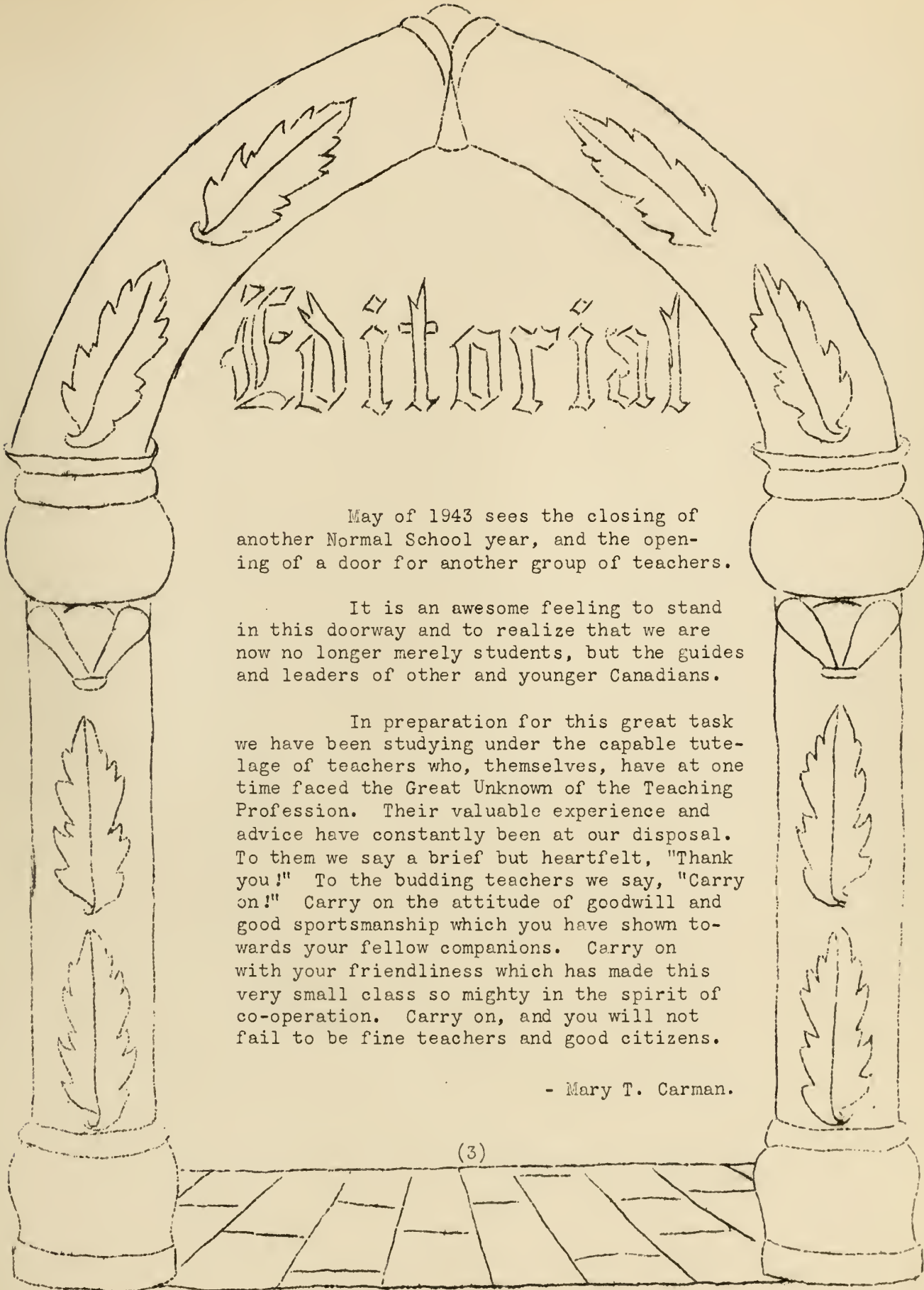


THE VICTORIA NORMAL SCHOOL

There is still a Victoria Normal School. Although we have no longer our very delightful quarters near Mount Tolmie, we are commodiously and comfortably located in the Memorial Hall appertaining to Christ Church Cathedral. The pictures in this issue show that we have all the adjuncts of a modern institution as well as the pleasant surroundings provided by the Bishop's Palace and gardens. Here we are carrying on the old traditions of Victoria Normal, providing the same curriculum, and managing to have a very good time despite the many exigencies of a country at war.

The need for teachers is quite grave at the present moment; this is a good time to enter a profession in which one's position is assured. It is a field where service to one's country is just as sure, just as important as in the regular "Services"; in short, young people who can see their way to join us next September can be very certain of a warm welcome and a profitable and pleasant year.





Editorial

May of 1943 sees the closing of another Normal School year, and the opening of a door for another group of teachers.

It is an awesome feeling to stand in this doorway and to realize that we are now no longer merely students, but the guides and leaders of other and younger Canadians.

In preparation for this great task we have been studying under the capable tutelage of teachers who, themselves, have at one time faced the Great Unknown of the Teaching Profession. Their valuable experience and advice have constantly been at our disposal. To them we say a brief but heartfelt, "Thank you!" To the budding teachers we say, "Carry on!" Carry on the attitude of goodwill and good sportsmanship which you have shown towards your fellow companions. Carry on with your friendliness which has made this very small class so mighty in the spirit of co-operation. Carry on, and you will not fail to be fine teachers and good citizens.

- Mary T. Carman.





CLASS A

Class A has brains and brawn galore,
So with no more ado
I'll dip into our treasure store
And have them all meet you.

ELIZABETH ANGUS (Victoria) - A very talented pianist and organist, "Liz" is always ready to lend a willing hand. Her able presidency of the Literary Society this term and her infectious, sparkling, good humour have added much to our year. (How could Mr. Wickett have survived without his Beet-hoven!)

EVELYN BALL (Nelson) - Evelyn upholds the honour of Nelson in the front seat. Her quiet personality, bright smile and willingness to help have made her popular with all.

LESLEY CARBERT (Enderby) - Better known to all as "Jim", she is our honest-to-goodness cowgirl. As long as she has a lasso, "Jim" won't have any trouble corralling her pupils. Once this term she left the ranks of the amateurs to teach a week with pay! Carry on, Cactus!

KATHLEEN HOYT (Nanaimo) - One of our athletically-minded young ladies, active in basketball, bowling and swimming. She was also Secretary of the Athletic Society for the fall term. After Mrs. Reese Burns' Speech Training Course, this gal has her diaphragm well in hand. She and Edie are inseparable - and usually giggling.

HAZEL FLINT (Nelson) -

To the tune of students' "oh's" and "gee's"
She really tinkles the ivory keys,
Ready to help you any day,
We think Hazel's just O.K.

NANCY LEWESHIK (Natal) -

Nancy with her sunny smile
Does her share - and real worth while;
Natal's gift, an all-round lass,
Bright and cheery with her class.

LORRAINE McDOWELL (Penticton) - "Have you heard the latest moron joke? Well -
- - - - -." Our number one glamour girl knows them all and with that dazzling smile and an inane joke will chase away anyone's blues.

RITA PERRY (Victoria) -

A leader, a helper, unto the end,
A student, an athlete, to all a friend.
Tall, brunette, with grin so merry,
Cheers to one of our best - Rita Perry.

PEGGY ROOS (Nanaimo) - We'll all remember Peg for that giggle that comes ten minutes after someone has cracked a joke. (Dr. Anderson would call her Scotch.) Peg has shown her talent as an excellent Literary Society Secretary this term, on the board of this Annual, an actress in our Fall play and she swings a mean racket on the badminton court. In short, she has won our admiration for her pluck.

AUDREY TIPPET (Nanoose Bay) - Quiet at first, "Tippy" has surprised us. She's the youngest in our fair institution, but makes up in brains, wit and cooperation for those few years. She had a role in our Easter play and has a never-ending flow of ideas as Secretary of the Athletic Society.

PEGGY TRIGGS (Nelson) -

Peggy Triggs to Normal came,
And in dramatics made a name.
Instructress of the Life Saving Class,
Is this dark-eyed Nelson lass.

Note: Peg's also very artistic and no mean athlete.

ENID WEST (Alberni) - Enid's one of our talented songbirds and a good all-round student with a very creditable record from U.B.C. Her teaching is pronounced as good. Here's wishing her every success in the future.

CECILIA MILNE (Metchosin) - "Ce" left us after Christmas to direct her studies toward specialization in Physical Education. She was our star basketball and badminton player. We wish you every success, Ce!

DANTE LENARDON (Fernie) - Dante is one of the two fortunate (?) thorns among the roses (or vice versa). He's been a good sport, a dynamic debater, an ardent actor, a priceless producer and, incidentally, has stood up well under all of our teasing. You know - girls will be girls!

FRANK WHITE (Victoria) - Frank, the other half of our male section, is of a more studious, quieter, nature and spends most of his time along (?) in the library. Latin is his specialty and we're sure he'll make a success in the teaching profession.

---oooOooo---

CLASS B

Class B comes next - a class of girls,
Enabling much hilarity.
Their famous crew this page unfurls -
Please note that they're a rarity.

JEAN ANGUS (Summerland) -

Our Jeannie of the light blonde hair,
With eyes so blue and cheeks so fair,
Owns a wee red plaid and a wee red boot.
Here comes Angus - rootity toot!!

Gaily she gambols with a ballet-like grace,
Through Morton and Thomas, Blaisdell and space.
Little Scotty has dimples and smiles that are coy,
Her singing's delightful, her teaching a joy.

EDITH BALDOCK (Bamberton) -

Eddie Baldock, blonde and cute,
Will have success, without a doot.
A friend to all, especially Kay,
Do we like her? Boy, I'll say!

HELEN BOOTH (Salmon Arm) - that tall, dark girl with a year's teaching experience behind her. She's a whiz at First Aid - maybe she missed her call. Helen has an inquiring mind, knows all the answers and is unique in having found a use for the inside of the library.

MARY CARMAN (Victoria) - Do you suffer from that worn out "Blue Monday" feeling? No, the remedy isn't choral reading - just consult Mary, the Class humorist, and her "natural flair for comedy" will do the trick. Mary is editor of this Annual, was the first term President of the Literary Society and has really given something to the School with her dramatic ability and quick wit.

RETA COLETTI (Nelson) - "Reet" just lives around the corner and seems to have trouble in arriving on time each A.M. - doubtless the distance between bed and school! Never mind, Reta, you've beaten most of us to Skunk Hollow.

EVELYN CRAIG (Penticton) - Penticton produces more than just fruit. Evie is one of the fairest products of the sunny Okanagan Valley, bringing some of its sunshine with her. She is an all-round person, who is a credit to her teachers, a good sport and a real leader. Her one fear is that she won't be able to save that \$450.00, which Dr. Denton thinks is possible to save, in one year in the sticks.

PHYLLIS GYVES (Salt Spring Island) -

There is a young lady named Phyl,
Who hails from fair Salt Spring Isle.
Her ambition - to take up the quill
In the pedagogue's rank and file.

Young Phyl is very fond of sports -
How she loves to dance and swim!
While "Morton" is merely fog to her
And "The Enterprise" still more dim.

JEAN HORNER (Nelson) - that personification of "still waters run deep", that morsel who hides behind Trainor, that girl who lives for impromptu speaking, that ironic wit of our institution and, above all, that wiz of knowledge of all kinds. Need we say more?

JOSEPHINE LEY (Victoria) - "Jo" comes from Gordon Head and is one of the three who arrive after 8:30 A.M. every day. She is our efficient Social Convener and is always ready to do her bit. She will make a good teacher (if she'll stay away from C.J.V.I. long enough).

CHARLOTTE McMECHAN (Enderby) - This sunny Irish lass is from Enderby. Unassuming, sweet-tempered and always ready to help, Charlotte will be an asset to any school.

JESSIE SWALES (Victoria) -

Jessie Swales has brains plus,
Her teaching's super-duper.
She helps with never any fuss
And sings like a real trooper.

DOROTHY TRAINOR (Nelson) - Flying brown curls, flashing teeth, a bottomless stomach, an instinct for hitting the kingpin, an infectious laugh that Miss Hinton endorses as the perfect alarm clock - that's Dot. She was President of the Athletic Society during the fall term and as she leaves at Easter time for "Destination Censored", we wish her every success.

GEORGINA WATCHORN (Nanaimo) - This extremely tiny lady sees no objection to being thrown around in stunts and pyramids in gymnastics, and is nimble, quick and light on her feet. She is a born actress and keeps us on "pins and needles" wondering what she'll do next!

JUDITH WILES (Victoria) - She of the flaming halo lives just a stone's throw from our abode of learning. She is constantly seen with a bundle of books under each arm and we remember her especially for her artistic box of concrete means of teaching number work. A really kind heart beats beneath those hazel eyes.

MAY JOHNSTON (Ladysmith) - Petite, good-humoured and clever, May has beaten us all in finding her "Poppleham Creek". She is teaching at Shawnigan Lake and from all reports, is doing nobly. We knew you would, May. Keep it up!

---oooOooo---

Marines in the southwestern Pacific are sometimes shamefully out-traded by the natives. One young, enterprising marine, however, carved a few curlicues on a \$1 pipe he had bought at a corner drugstore back home, went to see the chief, and after some dickering collected \$75.

A few days later the marine was somewhat surprised to see his commanding officer sporting the pipe. "What'll you take for it?" asked the young marine, cautiously. "I wouldn't sell it for a fortune," replied the officer. "It's a tribal trophy several hundred years old and I had a whale of a time persuading one of the head men to sell it to me for \$125." - R.D.

LOOKING FORWARD

Fellow students: You have been told many times this year that you are about to take on a great responsibility. This has been told to teachers always, of course, but have you realized that as wartime teachers we have an added responsibility?

The situation that faces us to-day is a serious one and our task will be great. It will be our duty to apply the "brakes" of calm meditation and physical and mental relaxation in the lightning rush of a world at war; to show the value and the evils of money at a time when wages are at an unusually high peak; to extol the need of a stabilized home life at a time when fathers are away fighting and mothers are spending every spare minute in the hastening of victory; and most important of all, to keep alive the spirit of universal brotherhood in a world torn with hate prejudice.

This will not be easy, fellow-students, but bear in mind when you hear the word "responsibility", what it means - that we and our fellow teachers all over the world hold the future of mankind in our hands.

- Margaret Ross.

IN THE BEGINNING

When the earth was fresh from the Master's hands
Did He rest in the peaceful twilight hour?
Did He gaze at the hills and pleasant lands?
Did His hands caress some tiny flower?

Was there aught but the sound of the wind's loud call
As it rushed down the valleys wild,
Or the murmurs sweet of a waterfall,
No sounds but these his ears beguiled?

Did the thunder roar and the lightning crash
In the solitude of the lonely earth,
As mighty giants in battle clash
In that long-gone age before man's birth?

Ah, I like to think of the Master there,
When His world was free from anger and strife;
And now when the earth is fraught with man-made care,
I wonder if He regrets the giving of life.

- Lorraine McDowell.

(Published in Vancouver Sun, March, 1943)



L I T E R A R Y S O C I E T Y

"What shall we have for the programme on Friday?" is a question familiar to a great number of the Normal students. But in spite of the implication of unpreparedness, the programmes for the Literary Society have always been well-managed and interesting. Because of the smallness of the group, each student has had to participate in many programmes, but, even though this meant extra work, they were always willing to help.

A wide variety of programmes was provided - quizzes, impromptu speeches, debates, plays, charades and radio programmes. Thanksgiving Day, Hallowe'en, St. Patrick's Day, Christmas and Easter were each given special consideration in the planning of the programmes. In each term, the Dramatic and Debating Society and the Athletic Society took charge of several meetings.

In the first term, one of the most successful programmes was a special patriotic one in honour of the British successes in the various theatres of war. Miss Dorothy Trainor was in charge and songs and poems for each of the forces were related to the items of news for the week.

The Athletic Society, under Miss Tippet and Miss Carbert, directed an enjoyable afternoon of games in the gymnasium. Among the special features were pantomime relays, pyramids and rhythmic displays.

Tribute must be paid to the Presidents, upon whom the weight of responsibility lay in seeing that each week an interesting and profitable meeting was arranged.

- Jessie Swales.

---oooOooo---

Milton wrote "Paradise Lost," then his wife died and he wrote "Paradise Regained".

Drammatics and Debating

A surplus amount of unusual talent, plus plenty of sparkling wit has made it a most successful year for the Dramatic and Debating Society. The first term Executive was made up of Evelyn Craig and Peggy Triggs, and during the second term Dante Lenardon and May Johnston were in charge.

The first attempt at play-acting was the dramatic version of the charming fairy tale, "The Origin of the Christmas Tree". Done in pantomime and burlesqued to an almost unrecognizable degree, the play was a screamingly funny affair, in which every "ingenious" idea of the caste was employed.

The first big play of the year, "Don't Feed the Animals," dealt with a jilted young man who suddenly found himself in the zoo -- the only man in the world! Then things began to happen! All performers did exceptionally well, giving a good characterization of their parts.

One Friday afternoon, Station KORN presented a novel program. Chief among the items was a dramatic play, "The Key," in which a young nurse endeavours to cure a supposedly insane woman. Music and sound effects were especially effective and all parts were ably handled.

1891

1892

1893

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1895

1896

The Easter closing exercises were marked by a beautiful presentation of the Holy Week drama, "The Woman Along the Road". Complete with colorful Oriental costumes, make-up, and realistic background, the play was most impressive, and the performances were outstanding.

Debating has not been neglected this past year. Despite the many things which took up so much of our time, we have had three very interesting debates. The first "Resolved that a Rural School Has More Advantages than a City School" was won by the negative side. The second, "Resolved that Mercy-killing be Legalized" proved to be most absorbing, with the negative coming through victorious. The last debate was "Resolved that Science Is More Important than English in the Elementary School". The negative side proved to be the victor. The latter debate was especially noted for the number of concrete references brought on the platform by the speakers.

The outstanding dramatic performance of the year was Miss Trigg's portrayal of the Woman, in "The Woman Along the Road". Outstanding comedienne of the year was Mary Carman, as Sadie in "Don't Feed the Animals".

The Dramatic Committee is most grateful to Mrs. Reese Burns for her willing help and advice in all its undertakings. Many thanks also, go to Major Bullock-Webster, of the Community Drama Office, for his kind interest in our activities and for sending us the "Bulletin" regularly.

It is hoped that everyone is better equipped in the field of drama, so that, once out in a Rural School, we will know what a play is and how to put it on effectively.

- D. Lenardon.

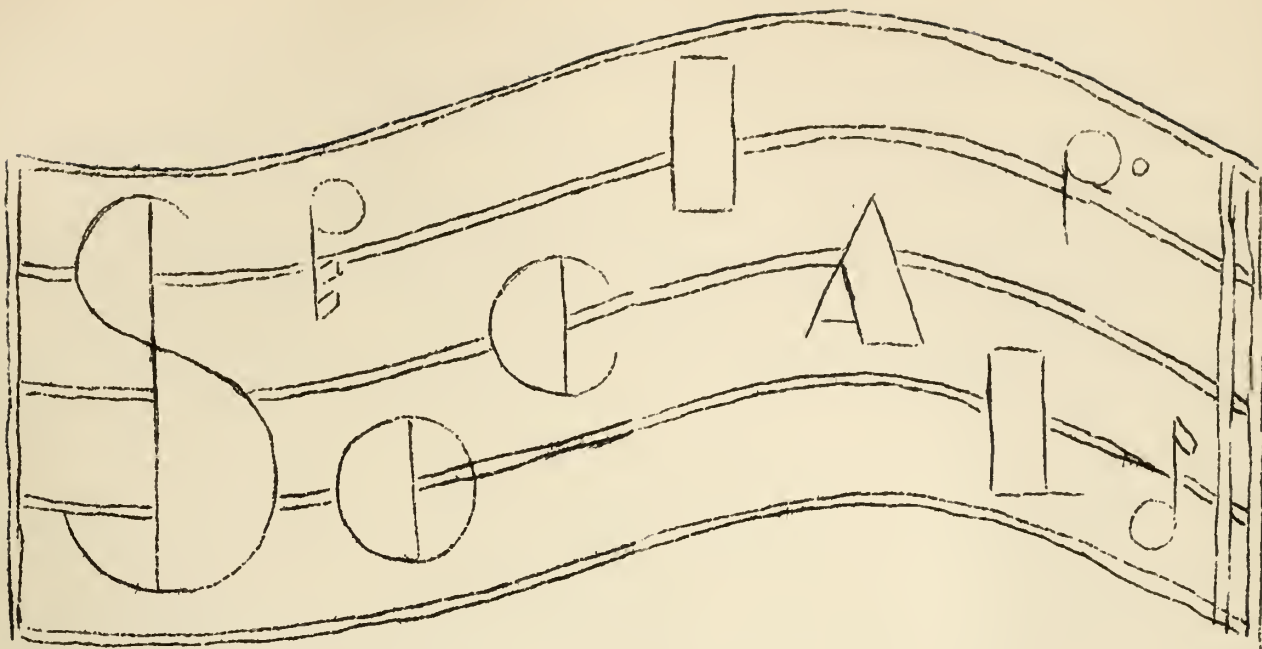
---oooOooo---

Rhubarb: A kind of celery gone bloodshot.

Collective noun: Garbage can.

Hors d'oeuvre: out of work.





The social events of the fall term culminated in a very successful Christmas Dance, held on December 2nd. This event resulted in a series of broken traditions of P.N.S. - the dress was informal, other girls were invited and, needless to say, the male portion of our student body was augmented for the occasion by soldiers from Gordon Head O.T.C. The decorations received their motif from the theme of the dance, "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas".

Rita Perry, a Mistress of Ceremonies, announced the mixers and medleys that added the 'something' that makes a dance successful.

During the course of the evening, Peggy Triggs, Evelyn Ball, Evelyn Craig, Dorothy Trainor, Lorraine McDowell and Rita Perry sang an original Normal School song and the theme "White Christmas". Despite rationing, refreshments, consisting of cocoa and cookies, were served. Our entire faculty was present and our special guests were members of the Victoria College Staff and Student Body.

The second dance of the year was the Valentine's Dance, held on February 10th, in the gymnasium. Red and white were the predominating colours. Animated hearts, complete with arms, legs, and amusing expressions, ran in gay abandon over the walls. A background of red and white streamers highlighted the orchestra platform. Games and novelty dances were again used successfully to "break the ice". Coffee and doughnuts were enjoyed during the evening.

- Evelyn Craig
Josephine Ley





Although we are few in number this year, our athletic program has not suffered. We have gained an insight into many games and sports, some of which were new to many.

The program was opened by a picnic in September, at Willows Beach. Baseball, swimming and hiking were enjoyed in the afternoon, and, after a supper of hot dogs, a sing-song, a skit by each class and marshmallow toasting was enjoyed around a blazing campfire.

Badminton was one of the first games to be commenced. Miss Milne and Miss Horner assisted in teaching this game to many "green-horns". The Victoria College joined with us in a tournament.

Basketball proved to be a favourite with everyone. With the three class teams we had some keen competition, ending with a draw between teams One and Three. The school team, in that 'dazzling blue', came out of the Inter-School League with waving colours (not quite "flying"). It gained second place to Victoria High School's "A" Team.

Those who did not indulge in the badminton or basketball almost reached the expert class in table tennis.

Recently the student body, plus several members of the Staff, have transformed themselves into "Alley Cats" over at Gibson's Bowldrome. Great enthusiasm has been shown for this game, but none of the amateurs have been able to rise to the first score of Denton's (228), but some have been able to come very close.

Some of the students, under the able instruction of Miss Triggs, plan to try for Life Saving Certificates very soon. This course has been carried on at the Crystal Gardens Pool.

It is now the season for softball and we hope to gain a little experience in that before leaving.

As an extra, over one-half of the class was able to attend a "Refresher Course in Physical Education", which was sponsored by the Y.W.C.A. This proved to be useful for our future teaching, as well as being lots of fun at the time.

It is planned to conclude the Athletic Program by another picnic on May 24th, at Cadboro Bay.

The Athletic Society, during the first term, elected Miss Trainor as President, and Miss Hoyt as Secretary. After Christmas Miss Carbert became President and Miss Tippet, Secretary.

The Society, backed by the whole of the student body, wishes to thank Miss Hinton and the other teachers who have been so helpful in conducting these activities.

- Lesley M. Carbert
Audrey E. Tippet

I THINK I'VE HEARD THAT SONG BEFORE !

From early in the morning, the whole day through,
Wherever I go, whatever I do
The jumbled thoughts from my subconscious brain
Race and repass like an old refrain:
"Don't forget the instincts laid down by Thomas,
Remember all the rules for quotation marks and commas,
Which wind is it that brings fine weather?
You must learn to recognize shepherd's purse and heather.
Your class must learn to sing ti-fi, ti-fi ta (w)
With open mouth and relaxed jaw.
Where will you start if all your class is foreign?
What can you do to help the moron?
You must not forget, in any situation,
To plan your lessons using integration.
How would you treat for insensibility?
Hot compress? Cold compress? Each is a possibility.
You must not be nervous in your impromptu speech.
(Why, oh why, did I ever want to teach?)
Do not giggle. Dignity befits your station,
Remember you're building character in the backbone of the
nation."

- Saxifrage Smith
alias
Evie Craig.

---oooOooo---

To stop blood from flowing from wound
in leg, wrap leg around the body above
the heart.

The bottom of the sea is composed of
clay and fine sentiments.

FROM THE MALE POINT OF VIEW

Despite the fact that we were outnumbered so outrageously this year, we can quite proudly and frankly say that we have not been in the least affected, but have tried to uphold the male traditions as far as circumstances permitted, and, truthfully, that was not very far!

However, our lack of numbers did not keep us out of any activity! We were found up to our knees in dramatic work, up on ladders for our social activities and blowing whistles in basketball games.

Did we sit down and cry when we could not have a boys' basketball team? No, we picked up a whistle and became professional referees. So you see, dear former male students, that we have not let your old tradition down despite all existing handicaps.

Perhaps you might ask, "But however did you emerge safe from such a feminine bedlam?" I'll tell you dear friends -- we merely sailed with the current and laughed off what we could not avert!

Again you might ask us, "But were you ever able to assert your rights and did not these franchise-conscious women pounce down upon you at every opportunity? Did you ever dare to raise your voice in protest?" Ah! Dear readers and former male students, we calmly rose and gave the men's side of the question -- and they listened! Yes, we must give them that much credit -- they took no mean advantage.

In closing, we, the male element, wish to acknowledge the spirit of fun, co-operation and good sportsmanship we have found in the girls of the Normal School and take this opportunity of expressing our fondest hopes for all of them.

(signed) - The Male Element
Dante Lenardon
Frank White.

---oooOooo---

A dignified Briton was taking home a pair of his wife's shoes which the shoemaker had repaired. No wrapping was supplied, of course, and he was carrying them loose. A man opposite him on the bus watched him closely and said as he got out: "Not going to let her gad about -- eh, guv'nor?"

- R.D.





THE HOUSE WE BUILT WITH MY OWN LITTLE HANDS

"O.K., kids ----- error, --- I mean, all right children, put your readers away. Now while Mrs. _____ helps the girls make the curtains, we're ----- I mean YOU are going to make a nice curtain, I mean house, to put the curtains in. I'll show you how and it'll be a very nice house."

Now came a medley of voices - "Oh goody, I love playing house. Can I have the hammer? No, I want it - Waaah! it's mine. Give me the saw, I'll saw the boards!! Oh --- nails, let's pound nails into the floor."

My trouble now begins - between such orders as, "Buddy, give me that saw. Ronnie, pick up those nails and bring them here. Pierre, that hammer -- put it down." I recollect my thoughts and launch into the plans I had so industriously made out the night before.

"You two boys may have the hammer. Roy, you take the nails. Stanley may have the saw. All right, first we lay the walls on the floor and nail them together ---- so -----." They begin to work --- bang. bang, pound, pound --- WHAM --- I see stars! "Oh --- errrr --- my finger! Buddy, I do wish you'd be more careful. Let's take our time and do this right. You see the corners must be straight, and the boards have to be tight. Let me show you."

We now have two sides made after much pounding, re-doing, bent nails, perspiration and between yells of "Teacher, it's my turn now. I want the saw! The nails are all gone! Boo hoo! Frank hit me!"

Ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling. Is that the bell? Thank goodness! I've never spent such a hectic half hour! Will I be glad when this house unit is over!

- Lesley Carbert.

A RECIPE

Take one whole pound of kindness
And stir it round with thoughts that bless;
Plenty of patience makes it nice;
Some fun will add a little spice;
Don't weigh out love, but pour it in;
Oil of good cheer will grease your tin;
Mix well, in just the old time way,
And you'll have made a happy day.



LIZ ON THE LOOSE

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"MY PRESENCE SHALL GO BEFORE YOU"

The drone of metal monsters, high
In the black and horrid sky;
Sirens screaming through the night;
Danger, maddening, out of sight;
Mounds of rubble - homes before;
Frightened children, weeping sore;
Father, sons, all khaki-clad,
Turning wearily from eyes so sad;
Men, stark mad from piercing pain;
Stagnant trenches; hard, cold, rain;
Clanking, rolling, lumbering tanks;
Blood and gore and broken ranks.
 Ugliness and war and fear,
 Surely God cannot be here.

Filmy mists at break of day -
Fairy veils, shell-pink and grey;
A choir of birds with button eyes;
Pungent pines that brush the skies;
Mothers beating creamy batter;
Wee, young heads in gleeful chatter;
Clean men toiling; fields of grain;
Refreshing, gentle, kiss of rain;
Sunset-streaks of crimson glory;
Dusk-young love - an age-old story;
A myriad stars; a flowered breeze;
A crescent moon behind the trees.
 Beauty, peace, no trace of fear,
 Surely God is ever here.

- Peggy Triggs.

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